

the 2nd of May, was
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n in Harrisburg, State
United States of Amer-
1868. He was 32 years
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CA ALDRIDGE,
Mother of Deceased
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enfet of the commun-

Choruses.

BINDING SALVATIONIST, AT
D EASY MEETINGS.

ake, they never came back,
He'd of yore;
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Inst me no more.

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rown we shall wear,
well with Jesus there
ight forevermore.

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s is mine.

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can never fail,
er fail.

er is Jesus, my Saviour,
and bearing all my sin
er is Jesus, my Saviour,
liberty and washing me.

way! Rolled away!
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art rolled away!

intain flowing so free,
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al, making me whole;
vior is Jesus,
is mighty to save.

o Thee, Saviour!
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but Thy favor
it can satisfy.

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its waves are cleaning,
its waves are cleaning,
tan the driven snow.

ndeful joy!
naught can destroy!
boundless and free I
Lord gives unto me.

iven into a corner II
d there.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
[General of the H. A. Forces throughout the world.] JULY 30, 1898. [EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.
Published at Toronto, from the Territorial Headquarters for Canada, North-West America, Newfoundland and the Bermudas.

Price 5 Cents.



DAILY MESSAGES

From the Syriac Version of the New Testament

SUNDAY.—Great is the efficiency of the prayer which a righteous man prayeth. James v. 16.

Monday.—Let every one who invoketh the names of our Lord stand aloft from iniquity. II Tim. ii. 19.

Tuesday.—Excite (marg., wake up) the gift of God that is in thee. II Tim. i. 6.

Wednesday.—Study to present thyself before God, perfectly, . . . one who correctly announceth the word of truth. II Tim. ii. 16.

Thursday.—Proclaim the word and persist (in it) with diligence. II Tim. iv. 2.

Friday.—When Jesus looked on the multitudes He pitied them. Matt. ix. 36.

Saturday.—Jesus travelled . . . and taught . . . and proclaimed the tidings of the Kingdom. Matt. ix. 35.

TIPS FOR TALKERS.

Get up Again.

At the bloody battle of Marengo the French line fell back in a complete rout, and the officers rushed up to their commander, crying: "The battle is lost."

"Yes," exclaimed the General, "one battle is lost, but there is time to win another."

Inspired by his faith and courage, the officer hurried back, turned the head of the retreating column, and when in a few hours the last gun was fired, the French camped on the field of battle. Marengo had been won.

Backslid, How Dost You Lower the Flag of Calvary.

NEW ORLEANS had just been occupied by the Federal troops, and General Dix had hoisted a flag, the Stars and Stripes, in place of the Confederate flag. The first night it was hoisted someone, under the cover of darkness, slipped up the flag-staff and cut the cord, and next morning that precious emblem lay trampled in the dust. It was the second night, but the same consecutive night, the same thing occurred. When it was reported to General Dix, he answered curtly, "When the man is found shoot him on the spot."

Which Way do You Get the Wasps?

A TRAVELLER in Nicaragua tells us that one of the birds of that country builds in a thorn-bush, close by a wasp's nest. The thorns form a thick stockade to keep out intruders, and the wasps act as unconscious pickets and sentries, and hold back invading foes. One day this naturalist observed, returning to its well-defended nest, a bird which was unfortunate enough to become itself in the thorn. It could find no way out, so the sentries stirred up the wasps that had hitherto acted as a bodyguard, and swarming forth in their angry hosts, they stung the little songster to death. The blunder of the poor bird turned the sentinels into assassins. And thus do we, often by our ignorance and sin, wrest the priviliege of God to our hurt.

J. S. CORNER.

THIE Endenver Herald tells teachers how to have a small class. It says:

(1) If the day is hot, stay at home; if it is cold, stay in the warm parlor; if it is rainy, be sure not to go out.

(2) Don't study the lesson. Keep your brain like an empty shell.

(3) Be dull. Talk as if to be uninteresting was the height of your ambition.

(4) Be tedious. Bore the class with long talk.

(5) Manifest no interest in your scholars. Never recognize them on the street. Never visit their homes. Never enter into their joys and sorrows.

THE ASTRONOMY OF HOLINESS

BY ARTHUR BOOTH-CLIBBORN, COMMISSIONER.

THE "LAW OF ATTRACTION" AND THE "LAW OF LOVE."

Full Surrender.

Norder to make this poem of as practical and of as spirituality helpful a character as possible, it may be well to describe more amply the full surrender and entire consecration which are the basis of entire salvation and all success in gainful labor work in spreading the kingdom of God on earth.

Now that we know the laws which govern the heavenly bodies we can recognize in the career of Abraham, the model and father of all the faithful—the working of a law absolutely parallel to the laws which govern stars and planets upon which God brought him out to look, and we see that it was when he had chosen as the controlling principle of his career, an obedience as absolute as that which governs them and a life of faith as absolute as that which governs the whole life in space that he was told that his posterity would become as numerous as they. To be like him and like them in absolute surrender is therefore the one sublime and simple secret, and the one certain means of turning many to righteousness.

Religion Made Easy.

There can be only two kinds of religion—that which is a BURDEN which we carry wearily, and that which is a LIFE, a FORCE which carries us. We see at a glance which of these is the true and which the false.



CONSECRATION NEVER GOES UNCROWNED.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

It cannot be God's plan that religion should be another burden added to all those which weigh down mankind. It must surely be His intention to make it as easy and natural for us to obey the spiritual law which relates to the human race as it is for all His other creatures to obey the natural law that governs them. He must surely have power so to change our hearts as to make it an instinct and a delight to do His will and an agreeable as it is natural for us to do what we please.

God's plan is therefore to give us a new nature—His own nature—whose distinctive character is hatred of sin and love of righteousness. It makes us PREFER His will and His law. It is love. It is life. Yet we say, "What can man take from him?" He has nothing. And when God is our all—what can man give us?—He would only offer a part, to him who has already got the whole.

An Absolute Religion.

This absolute religion is commanded throughout the whole Bible; for the claims and commands of God cannot be less than absolute. And in this fact is hidden the greatest of all blessings: for did God only demand a partial obedience, it would imply that he could give us a partial salvation—one which could never satisfy our souls.

Sanctification is found, therefore, by absolute surrender and simple faith.

It is a gift; for whatever comes from God to man can have no other character than that of a gift. A gift can only be received at some prece-
mption, the way of receiving a SPIRITUAL gift is by faith. Man's holiness, like all other absolutely necessary things—air, light, water—is simple and easily accessible. A child can understand it, and only those receive it who do as little children. It is simple because it is natural. It is even incom-
plicating things, and represent simplicity as being difficult, it is always a proof that at the bottom **THEY DO NOT REALLY WANT TO OBEY GOD FULLY** and give Him the ABSOLUTE control of their lives. But there is only one Biblical religion—it is absolute religion—it is full salvation, whose bonds is full surrender.

"If there is one grace which this poor world lacks more than another, surely it is that of enduring to the end—the being faithful unto death,

A Nineteenth Century Psalm.

We find it in the very first line of the Bible. There is enough there to save or sanctify anyone: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

"In the beginning God"—He must have the FIRST place in our lives. "In" is ABSOLUTELY "Created"; religion is a new and man-made creation in the soul, a creation by God alone. "The heavens and the earth"—FIRST the heavens and then the earth. First the infinite and then the finite. That again is absolute. It implies that spiritual things must have the FIRST place in our lives and be placed ABOVE all earthly things as the heavens are above the earth.

That is all very clear and simple, but terribly or gloriously absolute.

All nature is absolute in its obedient, absolute, absolute, absolutely surrendered to the law that governs them with what power and precision they move in their courses. Yet they are but MATTER. And cannot man also who is infinitely higher than them in the scale of being "fulfill the law of God" by full surrender. And what law can be better adapted to him than the delightful law of LOVE?

(To be Continued.)

EMIGRANTS



EMIGRANTS for EMANUEL'S LAND should lose no time in buying their berths secured, as **ONLY ONE Vessel** can ever succeed in reaching that country.

VESSEL **GOSPEL SHIP** Rom. 1:16.
PORT which it leaves **CITY OF DESTRUCTION**, 2 Pet. 3:10.

BOUND FOR **EMANUEL'S LAND**, Heb. 11:10.

TIME OF SAILING. TO DAY, Heb. 3:7.

THE FARE **WITHOUT MONEY and WITH OUT PRICE**, Isaiah 53:1.

CAPT. **JESUS CHRIST**, Heb. 2:10.

CREW **WORKERS TOGETHER**, 2 Cor. 6:1.

PASSENGERS **SINNERS SAVED BY GRACE**, Rom. 5:1-2.

SEA over which it passes **TIME**, Rev. 10:6.

LIGHTHOUSE **HOLY SOLEMNITIES**, Psalms 110:105.

COMPASS **TRUTH**, 1 Cor. 11:1.

SAILS **FAITH and LOVE**, 2 Thess. 1:3.

WIND **THE HOLY SPIRIT**, John 3:83.

STORAGE **GRACE**, Isa. 55:9-2 Cor. 13:1.

ANCHOR **HOPE**, Heb. 6:18.

Passengers are supplied with everything on the vessel which will be required during their year's stay. **ALL ARE INVITED** Rev. 22: 17.

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, COME. And let him that heareth say, COME. And I say unto you, COME WHOEVER WILL. Will he then TANE the water of life freely?"

The vessel affords ample accommodation—Luke 14: 22—"And yet there is room."

Reader! Are you on board this Gospel Ship bound for glory? If not why not? Ah! why?

The vessel is absolutely safe and thoroughly reliable and will certainly reach its destination, but All who need to go out must be educated to go out.

Mat. 22: 16: Rev. 14:10-11.

Christ died for the ungodly. Rom. 5:6.

If a man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His. Rom. 8:9.

We know that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit. John 6:54.

There's Danger in Disobedience.

THERE was a girl in one of my corps who was called of God to go into the work as an officer. She filled up her Candidates' Form and was accepted, but never went into training. She continued to be a scatter-brain. She got into the factory in which she worked took fire, and she, with one or two more people, jumped into the street from a three-story window. She was dreadfully injured, and when some of her comrades visited her in the hospital, almost the first thing she said to them was, "I'm glad I'm not here now. I'm glad you're not here now!" From last accounts I heard that there was next to no hope that she would ever be able to walk again.

THE DEVIL KEEPS CLOSE TO THOSE WHO ARE SELFISH.

WHAT IS THE USE OF ASKING GOD TO FORGIVE YOU WHILE YOU HAVE A GRUDGE AGAINST A BROTHER.

Dr. H.

N arr.

Chaplin

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"CAPTAIN EVA,"

Or, "Personal Reminiscences of the Field Commissioner."

BRIGADIER ALICE LEWIS.

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LOVE ?

(Continued.)

RANTS



EMANUEL'S LAND

having their berths assured,

it can ever succeed in reach-

ODER. RHP. Rom. 5:12.

ITY OF DESTRUCTION, 2

Pet. 3:10

MANUEL'S LAND, Heb. 11

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O DAY, Heb. 3:7-8.

WITHOUT MONEY WITH

CLOTHES, Rom. 10:9.

OUR CHRIST, Heb. 2:10.

COMBINED TOGETHER, 2

Cor. 1:1.

COR. 1:12.

DROWNED BY GRACE,

Rom. 5:12.

IME, Rev. 10:5.

LY SCRITURES, Ps.

11:10.

HATH, John 4:22.

FAITH AND LOVE, 2Thes 1:3.

THE HOLY SPIRIT, John 3:8.

RACE, Jas. 5:5-2 Cor.

12:10.

HOPE, Heb 6:18.

led with everything on the

My God shall supply all your

NEEDS.

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I say, COME.

And let him that

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godly, Rom. 5:9.

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and us of His Spirit. 1 John 4:

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Disobedience.

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walk again.

O.

KEEPS CLOSE TO
ARE SELFISH.

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THE USE OF ASKING
GIVE YOU WHILE
HRUDIE AGAINST A

THOUGHTS FROM GREAT THINKERS.

LIFE AND LABORS OF



James Dowdle
COMMISSIONER.

A Biography.

Farewells at Exeter Hall—Red-Jackets at Gibraltar—Kangaroo Land in Sight—Reception at Adelaide—Australia's First Convert—A Silver Wedding—Home Again.

CHAPTER XXI.

IT is not true of all who leave their native sphere, that they have left their country for their country's good.

When the Dowdies left England for Kangaroo Land, saint and sinner alike said, "We shall lose friends."

Their lives had been spent ungrudgingly on behalf of the people at home, and the memories they left behind were fragrant to thousands and tens of thousands up and down the country. Their Australian journey was an event in which many took interest.

They were at Portsmouth, where they had just concluded a successful campaign, when

The Little "Flimsey" Reached Them,

summoning them to London to prepare for the voyage.

"We hurried to the house known to us at Clapton," says the Commissioner, "and set up house-keeping for the space of three days, when we started on our twelve thousand miles' journey."

At the never-to-be-forgotten Two Days With God, in the Exeter Hall, when 350 men and women

Took a Boundless Salvation,

the Colonel, in a short farewell speech, assured the General that he might rest on his integrity, and, at the same time, threatened to "stamp" fighting as soon as he got on board the boat." Perhaps an extract from his "log" will best show how he carried out his intention—

"R.M.S. 'Orbua.'

"Friday, December 1st, 1882. The first attack made by the enemy was on board the tender. I replied with a hot fire, which silenced that gun at once."

"Saturday, 2nd.—Arrived at Plymouth at mid-day. Left at 5:30. Commanded the work of God by personal dealing. First a Hindoo doctor, who said he was not a sinner. The second, a Scotch infidel—very hard and very clever. Slashed into him hot. He will get a shooting before he reaches Melbourne."

All Chapman, Colonel and Mrs. Dowdle were met by Sergeant Fifth—Plymouth ready when the Dowdies opened fire on that town, and now saved and in charge of the Salvation Army Soldiers' Home at Gibraltar. The Colonel was soon in his element—talking of and on.

Offering Salvation to the Red-Jackets,

seventeen of whom sought pardon in the penitent-form.

"Now for the General's handkerchief!" cried the Sergeant.

"No, no!" from the Colonel. "It's safe in my trunk, ready for the first penitent in Australia, as the General intended."

At the "Two Days" already referred to, the General had endowed the Colonel with his own pocket-handkerchief, coupled with an injunction that it should be used to wipe the first penitent's tears in Australia.

The General died good and fast glimpse of Australia January 6th, 1884.

The reception meeting in Adelaide Town Hall was a good beginning. Two thousand people crowded the hall, and

BRIGADIER AND MRS. FUGMIRE AND FAMILY.

touching song being gradually heard through the din of many noises, floating in the air, carrying heavenly influences, subduing and melting the roughest heart into possibilities well-nigh undreamed of.

I was only there seven weeks, and then was appointed by the Chief-of-Staff to the Indian corps in London, but the memories of that happy association remain, having been strengthened by subsequent acquaintance with the brave Field Commissioner in wider fields of alternate sunshine and storm.

SOUL WITHOUT ACCEPT THE BODY.

WORK FOR THE MASTER'S CAUSE IS DROPPED WHEN THE TASTE FOR IT DISAPPEARS.

Life's Rests.

There is no music in rest, but there is the making of

JOHN RUSKIN.

whole life-melody in our

here and there by "rests," and we foolishly think we have come to the end

of the tune. God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives,

and we lament that our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the

music which ever goes to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with unwavering count, and catch up

the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come between.

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune, and not be dismayed at the rests.

"Was any man ever so foolish as Pilate when he asked the sinner what to do with the saint?"

—FIELD COMMISSIONER.

THE WAR CRY

twenty-five sinners surrendered to God. Later on, thirty corps-representing some two thousand soldiers—gathered at Spiritual Spotsylvania a public service at Melbourne.

The Jubilee year found the Dowdles celebrating

Their Silver Wedding.

In New South Wales, and four months after their arrival in Australia they had visited three of the largest colonies in Australia, and had addressed in the largest audience. These meetings had been crowded, and there had been three thousand seekers at the pentent form.

Altogether, the Jubilee year was a record one for soul-saving in Australia, and the Dowdles here, as elsewhere, made full proof of their ministry.

But what about the General's handkerchief?

The fame of it had preceded the Colonel, evidently. One night in a meeting in Adelaide, a trap hopped cheerfully to the pentent form, and a few moments later stood to his feet, looking furiously at the Salvationist who approached him for the purpose of taking name and address, said, "Where's the General's handkerchief?" I want it please."

"But I am an eye-witness to the fact that you have not shed a tear," said Mrs. Dowdle. She had been watching for the first "penitent," but had not been deceived by the would-be cadger; and she was, moreover, anxious that the handkerchief should fulfil its mission.

The Australians had received the Dowdles with great cordiality, and the thousands of Cornish folk settled in the Colonies hailed them as cordially as they would have welcomed a consignment of Cornish cream.

Rich spiritual harvests were being reaped from the land; but when, at the end of two years and a few months, our comrades turned their faces towards the Old Country, everybody felt the wonderful victories gained had been achieved at the expense of much physical strength. The Colonel had suffered a good deal from the heat, and his overstrained voice called for a halt.

Towards the end of June, 1856, we find our comrades again on an Exeter Hall platform, on the occasion of Commissioner Coombs' introduction of the British commissioners, one out-spoken, British-born officer as of yore. That evening he lost his title of Colonel, or rather it was merged into the more honorable one of Commissioner.

Like a war-horse, the Commissioner seems the battle as keenly as ever, though to him the Night-watch is now appointed.

[THE END]

OUR LOCALS.

(Short Sketch.)



SERGEANT-MAJOR VICTORY AND MRS. VICTORY
Houlton, Me.

Sergeant-Major Victory, of Houlton, Maine, got saved four years ago, but was unwilling to become a soldier. This brought condemnation and gloom in her experience. Then sickness laid her low, and she finally promised God if spared she would become a soldier.

Mrs. Victory has been an enrolled soldier for two years, was recently appointed Sergeant-Major. She can always be relied upon to fill her position to the satisfaction. She takes a great interest in the work of the corps, and can be reckoned upon to stand true.

Brother Victory was converted nine months ago, has not been enrolled yet but we are believing to see him enrolled and in full uniform soon. —Emily White, Corps Cor.

A WORD, A SONG, A PRAYER.

By Corps Correspondent W. A. Hawley, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

A word I spoke for Jesus

A many years ago,
It was a cross, I here confess,

Yet from my heart, I vow

Upon a desert barren plain,

Where none but vultures come, it fell,

And I my word had wasted,

And I grieved as none can tell.

But yesterday a thirsty one

Limped o'er the sand—he found my

word—

And thus refreshed he journeyed on,

And now my faith is growing strong,

And I rejoiced as none can tell.

A song I sang for Jesus

A many years ago,

With trembling lips and faltering voice,

But split all aglow.

Upon a mountain's rocky side,

Afar from man's abode it fell,

And I my song had wasted,

And I grieved as none can tell.

But yesterday a wearied one

Toiled faintly up—he found my song,

It cheered him and he reached the top,
And now my faith takes upward bound.

And I rejoice as none can tell.

A prayer I prayed for Jesus

A many years ago,

With halting words I framed it,

But the Spirit bade it go

Away out on the ocean wild,

Where storms and darkness come, it

fell,

And I my prayer had wasted,

And I grieved as none can tell.

But yesterday a shipwrecked one,

All weak and drowsy grasped my

prayer:

It buoyed him up till succor came,

And faith's again triumphant, strong,

And I rejoice as none can tell.

Trim your feeble lamp, my comrade,

Some poor sinner, tempest-tossed,

If your light but points the harbor,

Will not in the dark be lost.

appreciation of the value of time is shown in his early rising. The man who can get up in the morning, gets such a start of the individual who can only just crawl out in time to be at his work, than the man who rises late will permit. He retires at a regular hour, and throughout the day he works

time.—HE IS KIND, COURTEOUS AND OBLIGING. He may occasionally seem a little tight on finances, but then it is his business to be so, and very often the man who has a hundred dollars of money about, and whoever can aid in right and wise expenditure, is contributing thereby to the public weal, but even when objecting to such a modest request of the Editor as a big \$16 or \$20 picture, the Secretary will give it, and sue consideration to his battle in three quarters won by his very politeness. It must not be assumed that there is any "kissing of the blarney stone" about him. He is no flatterer. He is what the Bible instructs Salvationists to be—"Courteous."

6th.—HE IS A SALVATIONIST. He loves right, and gives plenty of evidence of loving God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself. Whether it be officers or employees, Major Horn has the respect and esteem of them all.

C.

HOLY LIVING.

"JOHN-OF-GOD."

EARLY four hundred years ago John Cludad, eight years old, son of a Portugueseberger, ran away and wandered into the hills of Spain, where a shepherd took pity on him and gave him food and shelter. He remained tending sheep for this man sixteen years, or until he was twenty-four years of age, when he concluded he would enlist in the army.

John was probably as worthless a tenant of the world over as held. He lied, he lied, he was a coward and a thief. He was at last sentenced to death for stealing, but for some reason the sentence was commuted, and he was drummed out of the army.

For twenty-four years more he earned a miserable living as a shepherd, servant and a peddler, carrying pictures. Images from Granada to Gibralter.

Suddenly, one day, when long past middle age, he was

Reined with Remorse

for his crimes, and was so frantic in his distress that he stopped on the street as a madman, until the Alcide put him in prison, ordering daily floggings to drive the devil out of him.

He was set free after a year, a friar, a saint and leprosy-stricken, but from his experience in prison and elsewhere God had kindled in the soul of this man an overwhelming love and pity for the poor. He lived in the filthy alleys of Granada with homeless papas, thieves and lepers, and sold fagots on the streets, and gave most of the money which he received to feed the wretched people.

One day he noticed a placard, "Home to L-4," upon an empty dwelling. He rented the house for a month; begged, and succeeded in getting sufficient money to pay the rent and put up clothes. He filled these with beggars suffering with incurable diseases, who were literally

lying ~~nowhere~~ on the streets.

Every morning he went out with a basket and begged food for them for the day, and going back to his hospital, worked alone in their service as cook, nurse and doctor.

A months passed the world of the man, together with his intense earnestness and self-sacrifice, attracted notice, and the honor of his public was an appointment that money and help were freely given to him. He opened free night-feeding houses long before a poor-house was known in England.

Up to that time, on the continent, patients with broken limbs, fevers and contagious diseases were all crowded into one general ward, and several patients being put into one bed. John Cludad begged money enough to build houses with separate wards and beds. He was the founder of the modern specialized hospital.

The idea spread through Southern Europe. Hospitals were founded by kings and nobles, in which men belonging to the order of "John-of-God," as he was called, were the nurses.

Cludad spent nearly half a century in vice and idleness and debauchery; then he awoke, and in ten short years accomplished this great work for his brother man.

MAJOR HORN, TRADE SECRETARY.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

A PLACID-FACED, large-brained, imperturbable sort of individual is Major Horn, Miss Booth's Secretary for Trade affairs throughout the Canadian and North-West American Territory.

He has risen from the ranks.

He came to the Army twelve years ago, and after eight months of training and Field service, he was appointed to the Financial Department of the Territorial Headquarters, with the rank of Lieutenant, from which he gradually step by step until in December, 1857, when he received from the General-in-Chief, Sir George Grey, Generalissimo, Miss Booth, the announcement of his worth to the Army in the rank which he at present holds.

The Trade Secretary has several of the qualifications which, whether found in or out of the Army—other than being equal—guarantees success to a man.

1st.—HE IS SOUND IN JUDGMENT. One of the best proofs of this fact is that all his Trade schemes are a financial success.

2nd.—HE IS A STEADY, PERSISTENT WORKER. While at work, you may see Major Horn leaning or tottering about, or occupying himself with any other thing than the work he has come down to the office to do. It might be imagined that Major Horn has taken for his motto the famous saying of the Apostle Paul, "This one thing I do." Neither is he the hireling spirit which would count it a great hardship to prolong

the hours of work when the work demands it. He has been known to get down to his office morning after morning, and not leave it until the intense cold of a Canadian winter has won him until late at night. One month he averaged only four hours sleep per night. When work is to be done Major Horn may be depended on to do it. Plod is a rare quality. It takes some people years to cultivate a moderate plod, while others, who ever have it, also, as Major Horn has done, is sure to rise by the momentum of his accomplishments to higher and more responsible positions in the Army, or in the world wherever his lot may be cast.

3.—HE HAS POWER OF CONCENTRATION.—Very multiplicity of responsibility devolves upon the Trade Secretary. To enumerate he has in his hands the following Departments: (a) The Photo-Etching; (b) The Printing House, with compositors' room and press room employing 21 men; (c) The War-Cry and Young Soldier, Democratic Department; (d) Tailoring Department; (e) Branch Trading establishments for the distribution of the general merchandise of the Army—the said branch establishments being at Barrie, London, Montreal, St. John, N. E., St. John, N.B., Winnipegs, Manitoba, Spokane, Wash., &c. A Tea and Spice Selling Department in Toronto. All these the Major keeps running in good order, and none of them are a loss to the Army. Most, if not all, turn in a profit to the funds.

4.—HE IS METHODICAL. There might be added to this quality another, namely, the appreciation of the value of time, and yet perhaps it is out of this latter that the former arises. His

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HELP FOR J. S. WORKERS.

ASKING FOR A KING.

I Samuel viii. 1-22.

Samuel's Bad Sons.

UNFORTUNATELY good fathers do not always have good sons, and it was so in Samuel's case. When he got old he made his sons judges in his place but it did wrong, and instead of executing righteous judgment, meekly took bribes and gave unjust verdicts.

Make Us a King.

It was not long before the Children of Israel began to murmur again—they were the greatest triflers on earth. This time their plea was for a king; they were not satisfied with the present order of things. They seemed to be continually forgetting the goodness of God—His wonderful dealings with them and the miseries wrought on their behalf.

God's Patience.

Samuel was very displeased at this request of the people, but he had learned to take his troubles to God, and tell Him in prayer all about them. When perplexed with the wicked ways of the world there is only sure refuge in communion with God.

God showed Samuel that the murmurs of the people were not because they had got tired of their Judge, but because they were not satisfied to have only the King of Kings as their monarch. Yet, though the sin was really against the people, how patient was God with His people!

The Lord told Samuel that He would give the people the desire of their heart, even though it might be a foolish one, that they should learn by practical experience for what they were asking. But the Lord said to Samuel that in order to warn the people of the difficulties they would get into if they had a king.

Samuel Speaks Straight.

Samuel gave the Israelites a terrible picture of the results which the setting up of an earthly throne in their midst would bring. With his usual unerring faithfulness he showed also how that when the godless King had got the order to God for his removal that God would not hear them and that their repentance would come too late.

The Israelites are Obstinate.

Despite all the wise and solemn warnings of Samuel, whose words they had for many years found to be so good and true, the people would not take his advice. They still cried for a king, that they might be like other nations. This in itself was a sinful wish, for God had set them aside to be a people for Himself, different from all other tribes and peoples. There is always danger ahead when God's children want to copy the ways and fashions of beings like the world, copying its follies and fashions. God wants His people to be separate—cities set on hills—lights that cannot be hid.

Final Decision.

Again Samuel went to the Lord to tell Him the sad story of his failure to convince the people of their folly, and the Lord told him that Samuel was to give way, and go down. So Samuel made the first signs towards getting them one by sending every man to his own city. Here once more we see the implicit obedience of the grand old prophet. He could not see the wisdom of this dealing of the Lord's, yet he did not quibble or question, but carried out the command given. It is always best and most profitable to do as God wishes. He doeth all things well.

QUESTIONS.

- What kind of sons had Samuel, and what did they do as judges?
- What did the Children of Israel next murmur for?
- What wise thing did Samuel advise when in trouble or perplexity?
- What did God say was the real reason of the people's strange request?
- Why did God give the people their desire?
- What kind of words did Samuel speak to the people, and with what result?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Samuel prayed unto the Lord."

You can't bury character in the grave.

Death does not end all, but it decides all.

Before faith can rest it must stand the test.

EVELYN'S VICTORY.

[Our Serial.]

BY BRIGADIER COMPLIN.

CHAPTER I.

ONE sharp, frosty night some years ago a number of bright, happy, and well-dressed young people, with their elegant dangling fringes, their diamonds, or rings across one shoulder, were tripping daintily and gaily down the street of a busy manufacturing town in Yorkshire, intent on spending a jovial hour or two at the skating rink.

There were others who frequented the millinery and dress-making establishment of Ferguson Lee Brothers, and were in the habit of shaking off the drowsiness produced by a day spent behind the counter, or in the workroom, by walking over the ice, which brought up the blood to cheeks and lips and helped to make them both ready for sleep and the duties of the morrow. They were Sunday School and Church-going young people too, and held in general regard by the community.

Amongst the group, and the youngest of them all, was Evelyn Steadfast. She was only fifteen years of age, but was wile beyond her years, and on account of her surpassing beauty combined with a sweet and amiable disposition was a general favorite.

They had not proceeded far down one of the streets leading to a suburb

the middle of the ring singing a song. There was a strange look in the look of a red-faced boy, the son of an iron and steel master, which seemed to make itself apparent even in the grimlest face amongst the little band of soldiers, a something which Evelyn had not noticed so particularly by any face before, but which the company of unusually lightened, and as Evelyn fixed her big dark eyes upon the young girl who stood there, she felt within herself that they were truly the people of God. An indescribable yearning moved through her heart, as if a breeze from the hills of Zion had been wafted across her path, and standing there she longed to be like those Salvation girls.

Horace Bright, the manager of the establishment of Ferguson Lee Brothers, gave Evelyn a light touch and a smile, as he passed her, addressing her at the same time to come along, the others were all waiting and did not want to stop and listen to that eccentric lot of people.

Evelyn replied, "No; I'm not going skating to-night."

He persisted, but there was a something in the character of the young girl which, while not ordinarily apparent on the surface, was nevertheless, very much so when she had made

self with all dignity when occasion demanded; she was Evelyn's chaperone and, indeed, the most specious of Mr. Bright's girls would have been sufficient to arouse her, but she almost adored her sister Evelyn. It was no wonder then, that not comprehending exactly what Horace Bright intended to convey, she replied in tones which were unusually sharp, and as she declared, "How dare you speak of my sister in that way, Mr. Bright?" whereupon the manager hastily sought to put himself right by explaining that Evelyn had joined that Salvation Army some time ago, and was mixing herself up with them, to the detriment of all her acquaintances. Did she not know that the girls were all infamous characters who had been dragged out of the gutter, and the men were much about on a pad with the women—low-life, and immoral? It was now Hattie's turn to speak. Her pride was dreadfully humbled; it was too shocking to think of; she would see Evelyn, she said, she could not understand whatever could possess her to do this, if it were true, anyway she would find out, and there would have to be no more of it.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was war in the household of the Steadfasts. It was only too true that Evelyn had actually been to the penitent form of the Salvation Army, and horror of horrors, had positively been marching in the street with them; it was too awful. The Steadfasts were a family of seven, excluding Mr. and Mrs. Steadfast, but all the family except Hattie and Evelyn were married or living away from home.

Ralph, Evelyn's brother, a stalwart young fellow of about twenty-two, came in one day in a somewhat ragged-looking Evelyn. Some of his acquaintances had twitted him about his sister Evelyn joining the hallelujah bands. It was a fearful blow to his pride to think that his sister should demean herself to mix up with that set; he intended to do something to put an unshaking sight of poor Evelyn, he rushed to her and clutched her by the shoulders in his big hands, and shook her something like a terrier might shake a rat, which he intended the next moment to devour.

"Get out of this place," he said fiercely, "I'll shake the life out of you if you don't leave off going to the Salvation Army. I'll kill you, that I will. I'd rather see you dead than mixed up with them."

This was one of the collisions Evelyn had. Her stately married sister gave her the benefit of their advice. Her father and mother, most strenuously opposed her going to the Army, and used all their influence to keep her back. Her mother, who was unconverted, was especially aghast. Her father was the least bitter of them all, for he was a Christian, although he had not laid Evelyn on the altar, neither did he at all understand what the Salvation Army really was. Lastly, Hattie, with her gentle but forcible way, tried her best on Evelyn, but the thoughts and disgust of every member of the family, Evelyn remained unmoved through it all.

Things gradually grew worse. Hattie and Evelyn both occupied the same bed in the same room, except for months and months, they never spoke to each other. Evelyn, bit by bit, left off her jewelry, and her other little personal adornments of that nature, replacing them, in part, with Salvation Army insignia. She even went so far as to put an Army band around her hat, a torture unbearable to all the Steadfasts.

There was some inkling in the corps of the trouble Evelyn Steadfast had to endure on account of her adherence to the course she had pursued. This was right, and on one occasion a Salvation Army officer had the temerity to approach the door of the Steadfasts' home with the intention of visiting the family and explaining matters somewhat, and so smoothing Evelyn's path.

He only got partially through the door, however, for he was glad to beat a hasty retreat, and carried with him such a report of the fustilading he got, that succeeding Salvation Army officers for some considerable time left that family severely alone, so far as personal visits went.

At last Hattie succeeded in inducing Evelyn to miss going to a few of the Salvation Army meetings, and substituted in their place Sunday School and church meetings.

The plan succeeded very well until Hattie and Evelyn were tripping home one Friday evening, when Evelyn suddenly remembered that it was holiness meeting night, and she had a particular love for those Army holiness meetings, they did her so much good; so she said she must go to this one, and ran off before Hattie could hold her back.

(To be continued.)



MRS. MAJOR HORN.

of the city before their attention was attracted by the sound of a drum. Walking in the direction from which the sound came, they saw the now-familiar sight of a group of Salvation lads and lasses, red-gummed men, and pokbonnetted women, with a standard-bearer holding the yellow, red and blue flag aloft.

In those days that I write of, the Army was not nearly so well understood as at present, and Salvationists at the best, generally speaking, were looked upon as a mad-brained set of religious cranks who spent their time bawling and shouting hymns about the streets and generally causing the cause of true religion into disrepute by their extraordinary antics and fanatical methods of prosecuting what they pleased to call their religion. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that these young people, falling into the very common error of judging most upon merely hearsay evidence, taunted superciliously at the sight and passed disparaging remarks between each other upon the little group of Salvationists who were holding forth to the ignorant crowd which is to be seen on the streets of a British manufacturing town.

Childhood is the emblem of innocence, and whether it be that her heart was still more tender and susceptible to Divine influences than the others, we cannot say, but certainly Evelyn was strongly attracted by the novel sight, which, for the first time, met her gaze. A young Army lassie was standing in

up her mind about anything, consequently the group of young people who were at and left her, and she scarcely knowing why, yet after thinking something about these Salvationists that she could not describe, followed the march to the Army hall.

CHAPTER III.

EVELYN, as may be imagined, seeing she was the darling of the family, as well as the pet of her sister and the young people at Ferguson Lee Brothers, had been in the habit of having pretty much of her own way, and, as a result, had seen no reason for soliciting to cut her in any particular way, for her disposition was loveable and obedient, and her elder sister Hattie had only to talk to Evelyn in the very motherly way she could so admirably assume to induce Evelyn to do whatever was asked, but on the third occasion that Evelyn visited the little Salvation Army barracks a new power was introduced into her life, which caused her to begin to run directly counter to all her family traditions, and brought her into collision more or less, with every member of the family.

"You'll have to look after that young sister of yours, Miss Steadfast, or she'll be getting into trouble," said Horace Bright, Evelyn's sister one morning, after business had commenced.

Miss Hattie Steadfast could arm her-

THE WAR CRY.

AMID CHANGE UNCHANGING!

Despite Good-Byes and Welcome Our Hostess Keep at it—Another Increase
in this Week—Maurgrave Leads the Field—Southall Second—Bennett Third.

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS: HUSTLERS, 365; SELLERS, 6,061.

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Southern Section.

Hustlers, 52.—| Sales, 1,789.

Sister Correll, Temple 110

Cand. Young, Temple 75

Sister Medlock, Temple 70

Mrs. Skedden, Hamilton (av. 3 wks) 65

Sister Pearce, Temple 55

Mrs. Capt. Jones, Brantford 55

Cadet, Wm. G. Wainwright 55

Cadet, Wm., Richmond 52

Ensign Cameron, Riverdale 50

Bro. Dixon, Temple 48

Mary Jones, Hamilton (av. 2 wks) 46

Ensign Savage, St. Catharines 46

Lieut. Wedge, Riverdale 40

Cadet, Wm., Riverdale 40

Sister Fox, Richmond (av. 2 wks) 40

C. Brant, Dovercourt 40

Cadet Howcroft, Lippincott T. G. 39

Capt. Stollker, Riverdale 39

Mrs. Capt. McClelland, Oshawa (av. 2 wks) 37

Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines 34

Capt. Bowes, Lissar 30

Capt. Jones, Brampton 29

S.-M. Beall, St. Catharines 27

Cadet Craig, Lippincott T. G. 27

Cadet Liddell, Lippincott T. G. 26

Bro. Case, Hamilton (av. 2 wks) 25

Mrs. Glits, Yorkville 25

Capt. McElroy, Riverdale 25

Sergt. Ida Murdoch, Lissar 25

Sergt. Mary Donaldson, Lissar 25

Cadet Tracey, Lippincott T. G. 24

Cadet Stickells, Lippincott T. G. 23

Cadet Horwood, Lippincott T. G. 23

Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville 22

Lieut. Patten, Hamilton (av. 2 wks) 21

Lieut. Jackson, Oshawa 21

S.-M. Powers, Bowmanville 21

Bro. Geo. Stanton, Hamilton (av. 2 wks) 20

Sergt. Small, St. Catharines 20

Sister E. Price, Dovercourt 20

Capt. E. Price, Lissar 20

Capt. Hart, Lissar 20

Capt. White, Hamilton (av. 2 wks) 20

Sergt. Minnie Stickells, Lissar 19

Cadet Beech, Richmond 18

Cadet Huskinson, Lippincott T. G. 18

Carrie Brass, Hamilton (av. 2 wks) 18

Cadet Edwards, Riverdale 17

Cadet, Wm., Riverdale 15

Cand. Kemple, Temple 15

Sister F. Smith, Dovercourt 15

Mrs. Davey, Yorkville 15

WEST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 49.—| Sales, 2,130.

Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock 210

Capt. Hellman, London 182

Lieut. Econy, Brantford 130

Ensign M. Collett, Stratford 110

Capt. Hoveroff, Goderich 60

Ensign O'Farrell, Port Hope 60

Sergt. J. D. Dowd, Goderich 74

Lieut. Euvens, Sarnia 70

Capt. Mathers, Sarnia 65

Sergt. Mrs. Butts, London 60

Sergt. Gerle Yeomans, Chatham 55

Lieut. T. Hodgeson, Stratroy 55

Capt. Co. Petrolia 50

Capt. Co. Wallaceburg (av. 2 wks) 53

Capt. Huntington, Stratroy 45

Lieut. Cumeman, Clinton 40

Sister Myrtle Crawford, Guelph 40

Adj't. Coombs, London (av. 3 wks) 37

Lieut. Jordon, Doxford 35

Capt. Capt. Bell, Guelph 35

Capt. Fritchey, Listowel 30

Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Guelph 30

Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas 30

Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas 30

Bro. F. Jackson, Stratroy 30

Capt. H. Liston, Drayton 44

Sister Luise Kitchener 25

Capt. David Palmer, London 25

Capt. Wilfong, Hespeler 25

Cand. Brown, Hespeler 25

Mother Goodchild, St. Thomas 25

S.-M. Graham, Thanesville 25

Sister Daisy Bond, Wingham 25

Capt. L. Haley, Stratford 44

Capt. McCallum, Stratroy 25

Capt. McCutcheon, Stratford 25

Capt. Florrie, Guelph 20

Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London 20

Sister S. May, Drayton 19

Lieut. Gatzke, Listowel 18

Sister Emily Hart, St. Thomas 17

Sister Copps, St. Thomas 16

S.-M. Mrs. Rock, Chatham 16

Cand. Edwards, Stratford 15

Mrs. Reynolds, Brantford 15

Capt. Burton, Listowel 15

Sister M. Haldan, Stratroy 15

EAST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 31.—| Sales, 1,795.

Ensign Walker, Belleville 170

Capt. Wilson, St. Albans 160

Capt. Greene, Gananoque 160

Lieut. Tuck, Montreal II 160

Lieut. McFarlane, Napanee 97

Lieut. McFarlane, Napanee 85

Mrs. Pollock, Brockville 25	Capt. Ferguson, Edmonton 25
Cand. Hoole, Montreal II 25	Capt. LeDrew, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25
Sergt. Root, Belleville 25	Lieut. McNevin, Prince Albert 25
Capt. Kirkwood, Brighton 25	Lieut. Woodworth, Portage la Prairie 25
Sister S. Spooner, Barre (av. 3 wks) 25	Capt. Wilkins, Rat Portage 25
Mary White, Brockville (av. 2 wks) 25	Cadet Adams, Rat Portage 25

NORTH WEST.

Hustlers, 29.— Sales, 1,400.	Capt. Ferguson, Edmonton 25
Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25	Lieut. McNevin, Prince Albert 25
Lieut. Woodworth, Portage la Prairie 25	Capt. Wilkins, Rat Portage 25
Capt. Wilkins, Rat Portage 25	Cadet Adams, Rat Portage 25
Capt. DeHaen, Brighton 25	Lieut. Anderson, Larimore 25
Capt. DeHaen, Brighton 25	Sgt. Ferguson, Rat Portage 25
Capt. Ferguson, Rat Portage 25	Junior Cadet Sarah Smith, Keewatin 25

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 29.— Sales, 1,400.	Capt. Ferguson, Edmonton 25
Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25	Lieut. McNevin, Prince Albert 25
Lieut. Woodworth, Portage la Prairie 25	Capt. Wilkins, Rat Portage 25
Capt. Wilkins, Rat Portage 25	Cadet Adams, Rat Portage 25
Capt. DeHaen, Brighton 25	Lieut. Anderson, Larimore 25
Capt. DeHaen, Brighton 25	Sgt. Ferguson, Rat Portage 25
Capt. Ferguson, Rat Portage 25	Junior Cadet Sarah Smith, Keewatin 25

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 9.— Sales, 576.	Capt. Ferguson, Edmonton 25
Sister Lewis, Victoria 110	Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25
Lieut. Ziebarth, Livingston (av. 2 wks) 100	Lieut. McNevin, Prince Albert 25
Sister Lewis, Victoria 95	Capt. Wilkins, Rat Portage 25
Mrs. Addy, Ayre, Victoria 95	Cadet Adams, Rat Portage 25
Mrs. Addy, Barr, New Westmin 85	Lieut. Anderson, Larimore 25
Treas. Mary Bury, New Westmin 85	Sgt. Ferguson, Rat Portage 25
Annie Sutherland, Helena 25	Junior Cadet Sarah Smith, Keewatin 25

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Northern Section.

Hustlers, 9.— Sales, 312.	Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25
Sergt. Miles, Barrie 65	Lieut. McNevin, Prince Albert 25
Sister Terry, Lindsay 45	Capt. Wilkins, Rat Portage 25
Sister Courtemanche, Kinnmount 40	Cadet Adams, Rat Portage 25
Capt. Charlton, Parry Sound 35	Lieut. Anderson, Larimore 25
Sister Ward, Kinnmount (av. 2 wks) 30	Sgt. Ferguson, Rat Portage 25
Bro. Gray, Midland 30	Junior Cadet Sarah Smith, Keewatin 25
Mrs. Milne, Warton 25	Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25
Lieut. S. J. Meeks, Warton 25	Lieut. McNevin, Prince Albert 25

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Hustlers, 5.— Sales, 215.	Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25
Capt. Spezza, St. John's 60	Lieut. McNevin, Prince Albert 25
Sister Fisher, St. John's 45	Capt. Wilkins, Rat Portage 25
Louisa Rose, St. John's 45	Cadet Adams, Rat Portage 25
Lieut. Stickland, Harbor Grace 41	Lieut. Anderson, Larimore 25
Sister Smith, St. John's 24	Sgt. Ferguson, Rat Portage 25

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25	Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25
Lieut. McNevin, Prince Albert 25	Capt. Wilkins, Rat Portage 25
Capt. Wilkins, Rat Portage 25	Cadet Adams, Rat Portage 25
Capt. DeHaen, Brighton 25	Lieut. Anderson, Larimore 25
Capt. DeHaen, Brighton 25	Sgt. Ferguson, Rat Portage 25

COMING EVENTS.

LOOK OUT FOR THE VISITORS.

BRIGADIER MARGENTS.

Fredericton, July 30, 31. St. John, I.	Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25
August 1, 2-3:30 p.m., Fredericton, dinner meeting, 4-6 p.m., supper from 3 to 11. St. John, II. August 3, St. John, III. August 4, Digby, August 5, Yarmouth, August 6, 7. Bear River, August 8. Annapolis, August 9. Windsor, August 10. Dartmouth, August 11. Halifax, I. August 12-2:30 p.m., officers meeting; half night in prayer group 8 to 10 p.m. Halifax, II. August 13. Halifax, III. August 14. New Glasgow, August 15-16. Aug. 16. Stratford, August 17, 18; Mitchell, Aug. 19; Seaford, August 20.	Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25
ENSIGN ANDREWS—Hamilton, II.	Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25
July 20, 21; Hamilton, I. August 1; Dundas, August 3; Oakville, August 4.	Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25
CAPTAIN COLLIER—Wymondham, August 1; Petrolia, August 2; Guelph, August 3; Glenayr, August 4; Stratford, August 5; Waterloo, August 6, 7; Watford, August 8; Keeved, August 9; Stratford, August 10; London, August 11, 12; Stratford, August 13; Mitchell, Aug. 14; Mitchell, Aug. 15; Seaford, August 16.	Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25
ENSIGN CUMMINGS—Calgary, Aug. 3-5; Lethbridge, Aug. 6-8; Whitehead, Aug. 10-12; Minnedosa, Aug. 14-16; Neepawa, Aug. 18-20; Winnipeg, Aug. 19.	Capt. Ferguson, Brandon (av. 3 wks) 25

RECOMMENDED READING.

ALL ABOUT THE

JOURNEYINGS OF THE KLDN-DIKE CONTINGENT

NOW

APPEARING IN THE YOUNG SOLDIER

By Captain Bross.

REGULATION SUMMER CAPS

Made of Strong White Canvas, reduced from \$1.40 to only \$1.00

OUR BLACK MOHAIR SUMMER COATS

They are splendid value, light and durable, will not fade. We guarantee satisfaction. We make them to order at \$3.50

Ask your Provincial Officer for Samples.

NO. 130 IS AN EXCELLENT INDIGO DYE SERGE

Just the thing for summer. A Suit made to your order, and guaranteed to please, at \$12.50

We have never offered a better value for the money.

Several complaints have reached us regarding

Mail Orders. Kindly note that we cannot be responsible for their safe delivery unless 5 cents is included

THE WAR CRY.

CENTRAL ONTARIO

Southern Section.

Staff-Capt. Hargrave.] [Crys. 2,290.

Oshawa.—Jesus does answer prayer. Praise God! Sunday night two digests acknowledged their wrong and promised to follow God. Hallelujah! "Oshawa for Jesus!" shall be our battle-cry.—Pauline, Corp. Cor.

Temple.—Fair crowds at inside meetings. Largest attendance of soldiers at open-air, and ONE THOUSAND listeners in War Cry salas. Sister Correll sold over one hundred on the streets and for Jesus. Among the downtown saloons and hotels. Captain Minnie Goldberg, from Upton, N.Y., at our Saturday night meeting, also the holiness meeting on Sunday morning, being an old soldier of our corps. Two souls came out on Sunday night.—P. Zurhorst.

Capt. Goldberg, at our Saturday night meeting, also the holiness meeting on Sunday morning, being an old soldier of our corps. Two souls came out on Sunday night.—P. Zurhorst.

Brigadier Bennett.] [Crys. 5,522.

Peterboro.—Ensign Kerr, after a stay of eleven months, has received orders to farewell, and like a good soldier obeys cheerfully. The Ensign is worthy of great praise for the work she has done in the Peterboro corps. She has had a nice quarters built and furnished and has been a blessing to the corps. Is almost clear of debt. Praise God! God has also used her in bringing many precious souls to Him. The Ensign enrolled three recruits on Sunday afternoon. May God keep them true. God bless the Ensign, and may He use her in leading many more sinners to Him.—Sergt. May Lang.

Brockville.—Adjutant Blackburn paid his farewell visit to Brockville corps on Saturday. Three recruits enrolled as soldiers. One of our late recruits was a dear fellow under the influence of strong drink, for whom God did a great work. One week has now gone by since his conversion and he is still praising God. He brought one of his old chums to the hall this week, who also sought salvation.—W. H. Burrows.

Cornwall.—Adjutant and Mrs. Blackburn have gone from our midst, having been here over a year. They had got a warm place in the hearts of the Cornwall and Mill Roche's comrades and friends. God blessed them in ice cream social Saturday night a success. Farewell meetings all day Sunday. Good Holy Ghost time at Mill Roche's. Comrades in dress up and hats, ex-Captain now in Reverend Gentleman, at night, and some Indian brothers and sisters. Adjutant and Mrs. Blackburn have sown some good seed faithfully. We believe the harvest will be great.—Sergeant-Major L. Manson.

Major Southall.] [Crys. 5,228.

Tistolow.—Yesterday, farewell Sunday. God in the midst. Two enrolled in afternoon, and two admitted at night.—First Burton, Captain.

Parmerton.—On Saturday and Sunday we had a visit from Staff-Captain Phillips, of London, who did good work for the Master.—Scott Cowan, R. C.

Ridgewood.—Last week we had a visit from Captain Collier, with his magic lanterns showing "The First Time" and "Jesus' First Prayer," which were much appreciated. The "summer devil" is engaging our attention, but we are in to win.—McLeod, F. O.

Blenheim.—On Sunday officers farewelled and presented a new flag to the corps. Comrades pledged fidelity under the new flag. Long may it wave. The old flag has been used eleven years and five months and has done good service. Good crowds. Finances doubled.—Mrs. Groom, Mr. Winslow Baynor and Lieutenant Groom.

Clinton.—Tuesday evening we held a lawn social. Over \$200 was taken. Praise God! Saturday night one soul in the Fountain who had never been converted before, but for him old things have passed away, behold all things have become new.—Ida Bezzo, Reg. Cor.

St. Thomas.—Hallelujah! Two out for the blessing of a clear heart on Sunday evening. An interesting time at the open-air meetings. Sunday evening, when the police ordered us to move away, but as we were about our Father's business we stood firm. The Devil is mad so we ate sure of victory.—H. Freeman.

Colonel AND MRS. JACOBS AT GUELPH.

Guelph.—Saturday evening good turnout of comrades at the depot to welcome Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs. Sunday all day, blessed meetings. Splendid crowd at the Park. \$31 collection. Good crowd at night. The Colonel and his wife speaking with much power. Captain Crawford followed for the Tabernacle. Good crowd, and among the penitents in the prayer meeting was the father, making three for the day. Praise God!—Jennie Soie.

THE PACIFIC

Brigadier Howell.] [Crys. 3,485.

Great Falls.—Hallelujah! We're making a real fight for God. A recruiting element. Since last report one soul has taken his stand for God and the Salvation Army. Good meetings in general and prospects improving. Juniors going up. Hallelujah! Had a social last Saturday and cleared the corps of all disabilities. Praise God! Below are pictures of four officers of Great Falls.

Fargo.—Two souls seeking salvation. Our officers, Adjutant Thomas and Captain Baxter, who have fought the Devil faithfully for fourteen months have been brought to the fold. The first of Jesus through their untiring efforts, have left us. May God bless them in their new appointments. Ensign Hayes takes charge.—M. H. Stables, C. C.

Oakes, N. D.—Saturday night a poor drunk was attracted to our open-air, where the Spirit of God took hold of him. He asked that who would pray to God to save his soul. We invited him to the Tabernacle where many tears streaming down his face he volunteered and gave himself up to God. Praise God, he got beautifully saved, and was enabled on the 4th to go home sober in spite of all the temptations of old companions. At our open-air meetings on the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 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GOD'S CORRESPONDENT ABRAM JESS, Kentville, N.S.

What I Was.

A SINNER, of course. With regard to quantity and quality, I was not perhaps outwardly the worst. A sinful and corrupt heart was mine, but careful home training and favorable surroundings produced a mirthful crop of evil.

Had I been reared next door to a saloon, or thrown out to run the streets at my own sweet will as soon as I knew how to run, I would probably have been quite as bad if not worse than the majority of those whose lot has been to grow up under such unfavorable circumstances.



ABRAM JESS AND FAMILY,
Kentville, N.S.

I professed conversion and joined a church before I was out of my teens. My experience was good for a time. I often left home to work for a living, and neglected the means of grace because of backsliding. I did not go deeply into sin, but by refusing to hear my cross and confess Christ whenever I forgot—*sic*, we are n.

onal Secretary; armed with a saw and hammer, s of honest sweat profusely, pitter of Finance lost his facility as hour after hour assiduously hammered staples over the board. The secret of his success kept at the very front deavor, helping here post timber, shovel earth, and ordinary athletic opera-

ng day was spent, some ven in the Farm, and a blessing opened in the prayer over which presided in the evening. C.

on "Living Sacrifices."

couple are willing to give sheep that has been run track by the cars—God's sacrifice.

PEACE IN BELIEVING.

Through fiery furnace tried,
Through dark tunnel driven,
Oh! precious soul! "Bear not."

You come into the light of Heaven.
Through storm and tempest wild,
Through the angry seas,
Befor His still, cool, fruit,
Your Father at the helm.

Through darkness dense and drear,
Through loneliness and grief
He leadeth still to life,
And holiness and Heaven.

Be passive in His hands,
He worketh all His will
In time the right will shine,
A foretaste here of Heaven.

A. ROWAN.

**NEW SONGS &
... and OLD SONGS**

SUITABLE FOR EVERY
KIND OF MEETING
AND EVERY KIND OF
SALVATION WARFARE.

A Short Time Ago.

Tune.—Come shout and sing.

1 It was but a short time ago,
When all looked dark and drear.
Salvation Soldiers marched the streets,
I thought it looked so queer.

I followed to their hall,
And heard the Saviour's call,
A little talk with Jesus made me right.

Chorus.

A little talk with Jesus made it right,
A little talk with Jesus made it right,
In trials of every kind, praise God I always find

A little talk with Jesus made it right.

Some of the men who first bawl,
And persecute the worst,
Who, when in rum, would stagger

Their wives and children cursed.
Kneeling on the barracks floor,
And now there is no more,

A little talk with Jesus made them right.

The lasses, too, turned up their nose
As we went marching by;
They said, "We want no girls,
And every member would try

To break our little band."

But thank the Lord we stand,
For a little talk with Jesus kept us right.

In days of old when Christ was here
In dark Gethsemane was here
They came with clubs and knives and swords,

And nailed Him to the tree.

We think the way is rough,
And oft the fighting tough,
But a constant talk with Jesus keeps us right.

**THE WORLD WAS WRECKED THROUGH
WHAT THE WORLD TO-DAY WOULD
CALL A VERY LITTLE SIN.**

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

Prodigal Come Home.

Tune.—Home, sweet home.

2 Poor prodigal, come back to your home,
Why are you in sin and wretchedness road?

Why will you be starving on husks,
With the swine.

While Jesus can feed you with food
That's divine?

Chorus.

Come home! Come home!
Return to your Father,
Come back to your home.

Your Father is waiting with arms open wide,
To wash your heart white in the sin-cleansing tide;

He's waiting to give you the kiss of His love.

And fit you on earth to be with Him above.

Say, "I will arise, to my Father I'll go,"

And if you repent, He His mercy will show;

He'll surely forgive you, forget all your past;

And give you a joy that forever shall last.

Living for Jesus.

Tune.—Sidewalks of New York.

3 Living for the Master, privilege
Divine.

Winning precious jewels, in His diadem to shine;
Down among the lowest, up unto the high,

Tell the wonderful story, how the Saviour came to die.

Chorus.

Jesus, Jesus, King Emmanuel,

How I love to praise Thee, now I live to do His will,

Seeking but His glory, asking but His smile;
Jesus precious Saviour, He is with me all the while.

Out of sin's dark midnight, into glorious day,
From the paths of evil to the straight and narrow way.
Leading souls to Jesus brings a joy untold,
By-and-bye we'll see them as they march the streets of gold.

When the lightning flashes and the thunders roll,
All his arts of Satan tries to overcome my soul;
Like a ray of sunshine comes God's promise divine,
"No power of hell or darkness can ever harm a child of Mine."

Save My Boy.

ADJUTANT BARR, New Whatcom.

Tune.—Put me in my little bed.

4 The world without is dark and cheerless,

The bitter wind is howling wild;
Within a humble home, a mother is praying for her wandering child.

Chorus.

God save my boy! God save my boy!
Oh, save and bless my wandering boy!
To-night a mother weeps and prays,
God save and bless my wandering boy!

Years have gone since last that mother
Gazed upon her lad with joy;
Now she kneels by bedside lonely,
Praying for her wandering boy.

The conflict is great, and the fighting severe,

Our enemy wielding great power,

But baptized by Thee its sure victory,

We'll win with a Pentecost shower.

The world with its passions, its pomp and its show,

With hell and the flesh may combine,

And stand in array, to block up the way,

But cannot withstand Power Divine.

Let each heart be filled with this power, my Lord,

And help us to snatch men away

From hell, sin and woe—to serve Thee below,

And praise Thee in heaven for 'aye.'

[Holiness Song.]

The Fire Can Purge.

CAPTAIN SHERLOCK.

Tune.—Stella.

Oh, cleanse my heart from every stain;
And let no dross or sin remain;
Just now upon me shed Thy light,
And put all inward foes to flight;
The fire can purge and cleanse from sin,
And make me clean and pure within.

My secret sins still hold me tight;
With malice I've a constant fight,
My temper, pride, and passions strong
Force me to do that which is wrong.
The fire can purge and cleanse from sin,
And make me clean and pure within.

Just now, O Lord, I cry to Thee,
Oh, make me what I ought to be,
I do believe my prayer is heard,
I take my stand upon Thy Word,
The fire can purge and cleanse from sin,
And make me clean and pure within.

[For the Soldiers' Assembly.]

They Promise We Claim.

Tune.—Oh, seek that beautiful stream.

By T. H. A.

7 Thy promise we claim, as before
Thee we bend,
That promise made long, long
ago,
Or Holy Ghost power, to keep every hour,
While lighting for souls here below.

Chorus.

Pour out Thy Spirit, my Lord,
Pour out Thy Spirit, my Lord,
Pour it on me yes, unworthy me,
Oh, pour out Thy Spirit, my Lord!

The conflict is great, and the fighting severe,

Our enemy wielding great power,

But baptized by Thee its sure victory,

We'll win with a Pentecost shower.

The world with its passions, its pomp and its show,

With hell and the flesh may combine,

And stand in array, to block up the way,

But cannot withstand Power Divine.

Let each heart be filled with this power, my Lord,

And help us to snatch men away

From hell, sin and woe—to serve Thee below,

And praise Thee in heaven for 'aye.'

[Entered into Rest.]

Brother George Smyth, McCoskaw,
N.W.T.

Once again it becomes our sad duty to mourn the death of one of our faithful comrades, Brother George Smyth.

Our comrade was a C. P. R. foreman, and while engaged at his work he and his engineer were instantly killed by the collapse of a small bridge, the structure of which had been partially burned by a prairie fire.

The sad news was a shock to the whole community; two of the most popular railroad men of the town.

By his death of Brother Smyth, our little corps loses one of the best soldiers, but his spirit is heaven sent. Our rule not only left us many from his lips behind him, but by his life testified day by day to the keeping power of God. Over three and a half years ago he entered the corps and ever since has been an unflinching soldier.

His brother died a few months ago, but we are glad to report is trusting in his Saviour. May God bless and cheer the bereaved ones and help them more than ever to lean on Him.—J. H. Muldagh, C. C.

—♦—

Brother John Oxenrider, Lisher.

Death has taken our comrade John Oxenrider. The funeral service, which was held around his coffin, was very touching indeed. Many wept tears of sorrow for the bereaved family, and of sorrow for the loss of a soldier. Comrade was gone to heaven, believing it due to be heaven's gain. He was a faithful soldier, and his father and mother and two brothers are fighting as soldiers in our ranks. May God put His everlasting arms around them in this time and bear them up in our prayers. We are going on to conquer, to lift the blood-dimmed banner of the Cross and to persuade people to become Christians.

Diamond Dust.

GOD finds it hard to do much for a lazy man.

Choose right and God will help you to do right.

If the pulpit is to be powerful the pew is to be prayerful.

Grace came by Jesus Christ, and disgrace by man's sin.

Christ is on trial as much in your home as He was before Pilate.

If you want to save your life, spend it well.

Make much of God and you will make little of all beside.

The man who follows Christ as his model will be a model man.

The more we realize our own goodness, the less we have of it.

Better fall on the way to heaven than fall to find the way to heaven.

It is worth more to the world for a man to live right than to die happy.

The devil will be sure to stay a while if he calls on you when you are idle.

God will never be satisfied with you until you are dissatisfied with yourself.

To-day's happiness is married to to-morrow's duty, and God never grants a divorce.

The man who gives to advertise his charity has no charity worth advertising.

The trouble in the Lord's army today is that so many soldiers want to be officers.

Now that you have space for repentance, pray that God will give you grace for repentance.

If men do not find Christ in the Bible the fault is theirs; if they do not find Him in you the fault is yours.

Every business man should be a Christian in his business, and every Christian should be businesslike in his Christianity.

It is much more important to be ready for Christ's coming at any moment than to speculate when He will come again.

The thought of evil is necessary, but not the evil of thought.

FOR OUR BOYS.

THIS man who deliberately goes where he knows he will be tempted, unless he has a call of God to go there, virtually invites an appointment with the devil. The Arabs have a proverb, "To think about vice is vicious." There is a great deal said in the newspapers about the fool who blows in the蒺藜子. If a loaded gun or a cigarette is lit a fire with a kerouane oil can, but neither of these are to be compared in folly with the young man who makes and keeps an appointment with wild and absolute company, whom he knows will go to places, and deal with forms of sin, which he has not been taught to shun as he would a reptile.

PENTECOST made the timid bold, and ordinary men and women into those who turned the world upside down.

THE GENERAL.

LITTLE POLLIE MARTIN.

A BALLAD OF THE BRITISH METROPOLIS.

BY BRIGADIER WILLIAM H. HARDING, EDITOR OF THE *Social Gazette*.

I.—THE STORY.

Queen of the street was little Pollie Martin,
A taking child of gutterland romance;
She could twist and bound and curl
With the real professional twirl
Of a nimble ballet girl,
Who young Jackson called the organ,
And we ran to see the dance.

Gay in her blues was little Pollie Martin,
Adored of prosperous High Street tradesmen's sons;
They sighed and hinted marriage,
Wedding breakfast, two-horse carriage,
Fortnight's honeymoon at Harwich;
And they bought her wondrous presents,
From new hats to new Bath busts.

Chiefest of all to little Pollie Martin,
Swaggered dandy Jenks the gay Marine;
The mercurial, the devolved,
Sleek-cheeked, the roved—
He was wonderfully coated,
But he disappeared one Sunday when folks whispered what he'd been.

Been very mean to little Pollie Martin,
(Mounts surfeiting singers, oh, my heart!)
She may wean or vent her rage,
She may dash against the cage,
But must take the devil's wage;

Her life is dust and ashes, and it's hard to act a part.

Motherless and ill was little Pollie Martin,
Pining in the lodging where she lay;
But the best friend turns curmudgeon,
If one's proved not pure but gudgeon
(If one's proved not pure but gudgeon)
And the heritage of sorrow is the heritage of clay.

Rushed the police after little Pollie Martin,
A warrant out for murder meant "pursue"
Men had salved a heap asunder
Where a corpse still warm, lay under,
And the Press pouted forth its thunder
(For advertisements were scarcely, and the Special's horrors flew).

Glared Ancient Bailey at little Pollie Martin,
A ruined wretch, she stands without a hope.
Yes, she did it in despair
When her brain was mad with care,
Aod her lot too hard to bear.
So the Judge has drawn the Cap on, and her prospect is the Rope.

Ponder wise pows o'er little Pollie Martin,
The Judge is mated (Judge, he has a wife);
The Deparment yawns a word,
And the hangman saves his cord,
Kind compassion we afford,
So Pollie's merely serving penal servitude
for life.

Fortune has smiled on Jenks, the gay young soldier,
He is wedded to a widow who fancied a Major;
She bought him out—"her honey,"
His ways are mild but funny;
While she spends the money;
Much respected on the Vestry of St. Mary Magdalene.

Strange loom men's ways, uneven in the Lord's sight—

Agree your code with justice if you can;
Leave the child to dabbled mud,
If he's splashed, or with a thud,
Tumbles, she must pay with blood,
Since she signed against Society she suffers by its ban.

II.—THE MORAL

So we'll pass poor little Pollie in her sin,
For we love to see the white shark's teeth
fin;
It's the shark's that's the darling,
When it snaps the naughty staring,
—Let the strong one smash the weak and Ravin win.

Oh, the early bird it gulps the worm and caws,
And the foolish chicken squeals in Reynard's jaws;
If I can't defend myself,
Put me on the devil's shift,
Since I'll prey to man-made justice and its laws.

Brag your gains, but own you're heathen in
Your ruth,
For Religion's not yet drawn man's murderer,
It borrows to stand for right,
While we've ever cheers for might,

So you'll fly the old Death's-head and grin at truth.

But the Rover's standing in for more than luck,
For the fiend is bound to mingle with the muck;

You may sling the flowing bow;

But—you cannot dodge the toll.

At the Audit, when the Balances are struck.



Captain, please may I have a Collection Card for Harvest Festival?

■ ANECDOTAL AND USEFUL,
Or, Feathers for our Field Fighters
AUSTRIA.

REASONS FOR TEMPERANCE.

DURING a temperance campaign a lawyer was discussing learnedly the clauses of the proposed temperance law. An old farmer who had been listening attentively, shut his knife with a snap, and said:

"I don't know nothin' about the law, but I've got seven good reasons fur you to fit it."

"What are they?" asked the lawyer.
And the grim old farmer responded:

"Four sons and three daughters."

THE BEGGAR REBUKED.

THE late Mr. Wilson was one of the best known preachers in Yorkshire, and was renowned for his ability to the poor.

One day he helped a man very substantially upon hearing a piteous story; but overheard the man telling the same tale the very next day.

Mr. Wilson at once called the man in, and demanded the return of his money. The man refused, and Mr. Wilson at once fell on his knees and prayed—
"O Lord, Thee knowest well Thy poor servant, and all the money I get comes from Thy poor people! Lord, this young man has been robbing me of some of Thy money, for which Thou couldst easily strike him dead! Lord, he is blind of one eye; how soon couldst thou take away the sight of the other?"

He continued in this strain for some minutes, until the beggar, who had vainly tried to pass him to escape, suddenly threw some coppers on the floor, exclaiming:

"There takes that! As sure as I'm alive, it's every penny I have. For heaven's sake let me go, and I solemnly promise I will never rob another preacher."

SQUIRM, OLD NATUR'!"

A MAN who is naturally stingy has a hard struggle before him if he would conquer his covetousness. When he can put his heart into the charity-box, his pocket-book will readily follow. A deaf old man, a professed Christian, but noted for covetousness, one day a magnificent thing for himself by making his passion squirr.

He was listening to a charity sermon. He was nearly deaf, and was accustomed to sit facing the congregation, right under the pulpit, with his ear-trumpet directed towards the preacher.

The sermon so moved him that he said to himself, "I'll give £2!" Again, becoming more excited, he said, "I'll give £2!" At the close of the appeal he thought he would give £1.

The boxes were passed. As the deacons moved along, his emotions began to fade, from ten to four, to two, to one, to zero. He concluded he would not give a penny.

"Yet," said he, "this won't do. This covetousness will be my ruin."

The boxes were getting nearer and nearer. The eyes were on him. What should he do? The box was under his chin—the congregation were looking.

In the agony of that moment he took his pocket book and laid it on the box, saying to himself as he did it:

"Now squirm, old natur'!"

"Anything with the Holy Spirit at the back don't seem old, even if it is repeated." —F. E. S.

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